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KING

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**KING CAPTURES
"THE WILDERNESS
STALLION"**

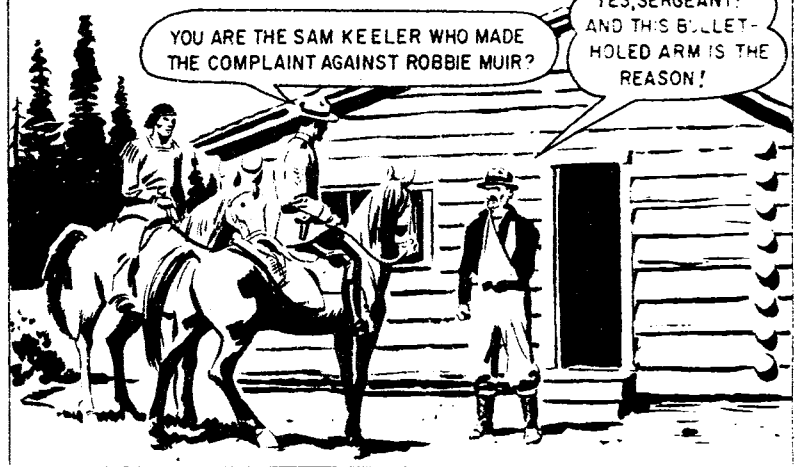
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KING

of the Royal Mounted

THE WILDERNESS STALLION

ONE DAY IN EARLY MARCH FINDS KING AND HIS CREE INDIAN COMPANION, MOOS-TOOS, AT THE CABIN OF A PIONEER CATTLEMAN IN THE BUSH COUNTRY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.





AT THAT INSTANT, A RIFLE BARKS FROM AMONG THE TREES, TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY. . .



--- AND THE FIGURE OF THE OLD MAN FLOPS FORWARD ON ITS FACE!

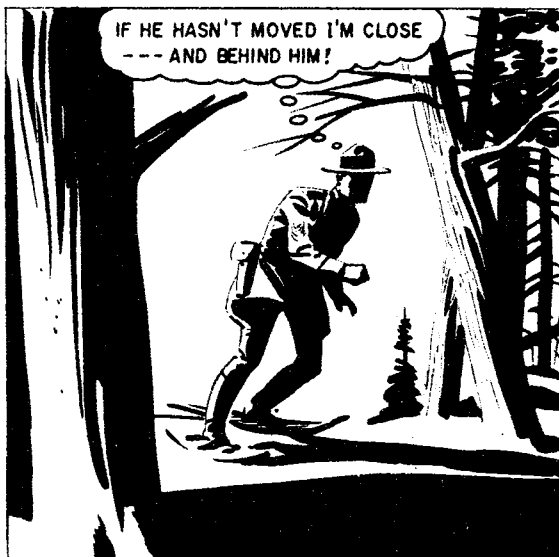


GET DOWN THERE AND SEE IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, MOOS-TOOS! I'M GOING AFTER THAT BUSHWHACKER!

UGH! HOPE YOU GET HIM, KING!



IF HE HASN'T MOVED I'M CLOSE --- AND BEHIND HIM!



THE RIFLEMAN, WATCHING MOOS-TOOS, HAS NOT BUDGED --- NOR HAS HE HEARD KING'S SILENT APPROACH.

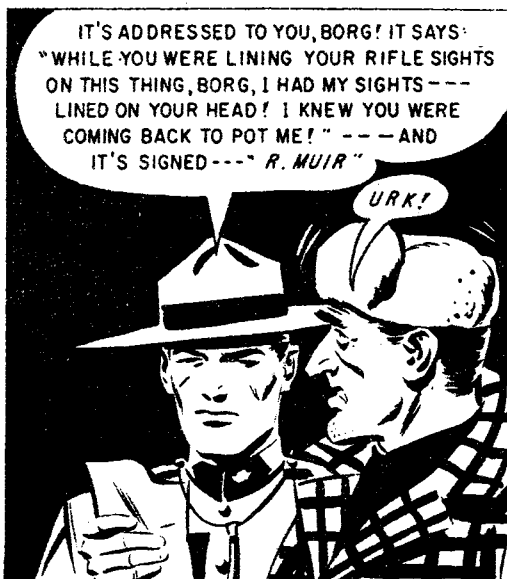
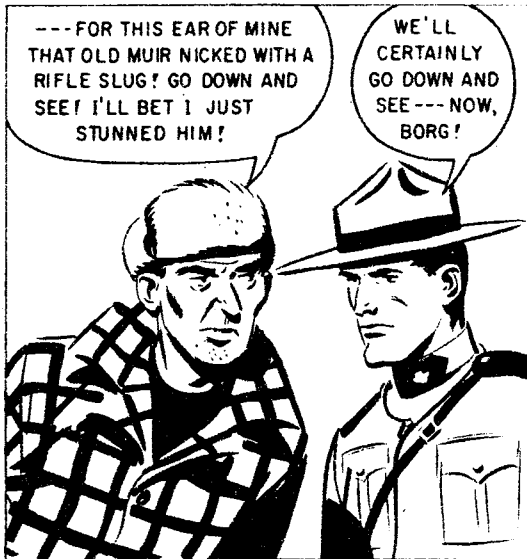
DROP YOUR RIFLE! PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOU! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

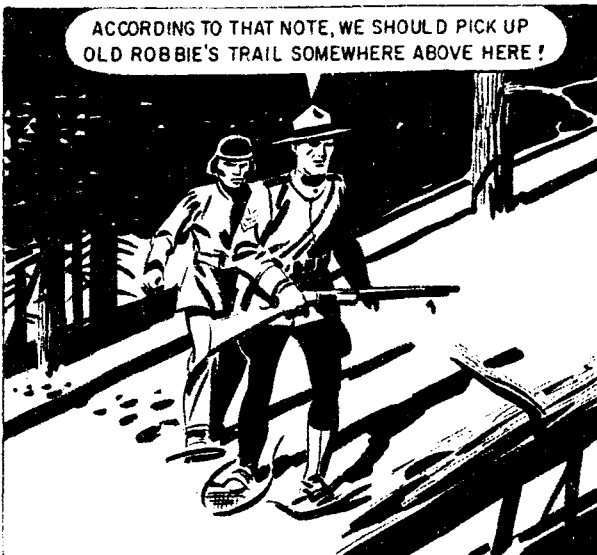


WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

BERT BORG! AND LOOK-- I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL THE OLD BUCK! I JUST WANTED TO GET EVEN ---









WHILE HIS GUESTS FILL UP ON JUICY STEAKS, SAM FILLS THEIR EARS WITH TALES OF *STARFIRE'S* RAIDS.

THAT RED STALLION BROKE OUT A WINDOW OF PETE WELLS' CABIN WHEN HE WAS AWAY THIS WINTER... STOLE A BAG OF FLOUR THAT SET ON A SHELF WHERE HE COULD REACH IT! STOLE MY TWO BEST MARES, TOO...



EVEN AFTER KING AND MOOS-TOOS ARE IN THEIR BUNKS, SAM'S TALK RATTLES ON!

"BALAAM" BORG IS A HORSE KILLER! HE CAUGHT *STARFIRE* IN A ROPE SNARE, ONCE... ROBBIE FOUND THE HORSE IN TIME AND FREED HIM --- AND THREATENED TO SCALP BORG FOR IT! THAT'S WHY ---



THE NEXT MORNING, WITH FEED-SACKS FOR SADDLES, AND RIDING SAM KEELER'S HORSES, KING AND MOOS-TOOS PICK UP THE TRAIL.

UGH! WILD HORSES NOT RUN FAR! FIND-UM SOON, KING!

CATCHING OUR HORSES MAY TAKE A LITTLE LONGER!



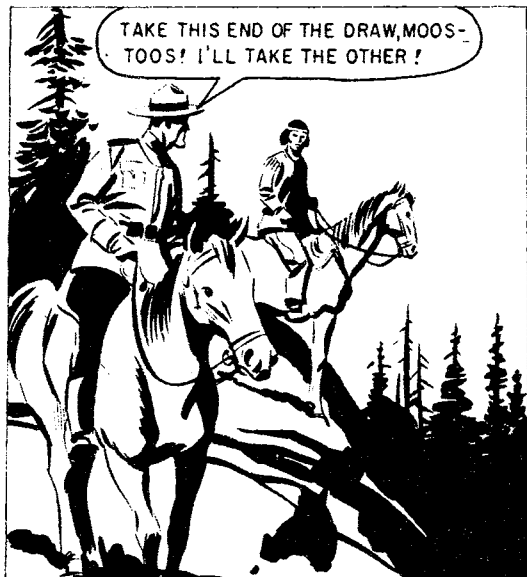
LATER FROM A RIDGE ---

THERE, MOOS-TOOS --- DOWN IN THAT OPEN DRAW --- THE WHOLE BUNCH!

HUNH! RED STALLION, TOO!



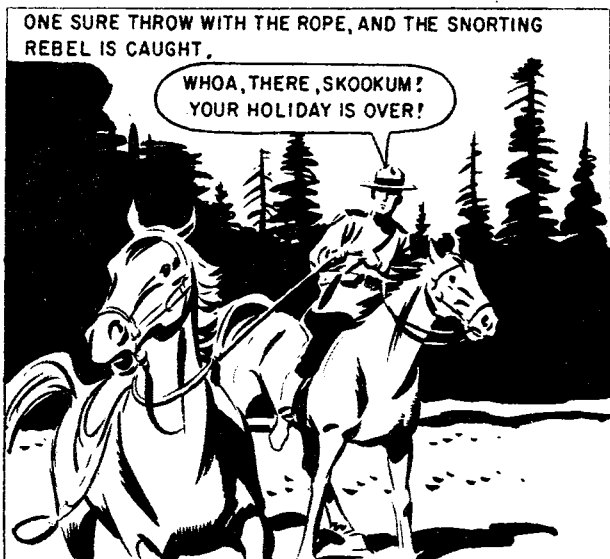
TAKE THIS END OF THE DRAW, MOOS-TOOS! I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!

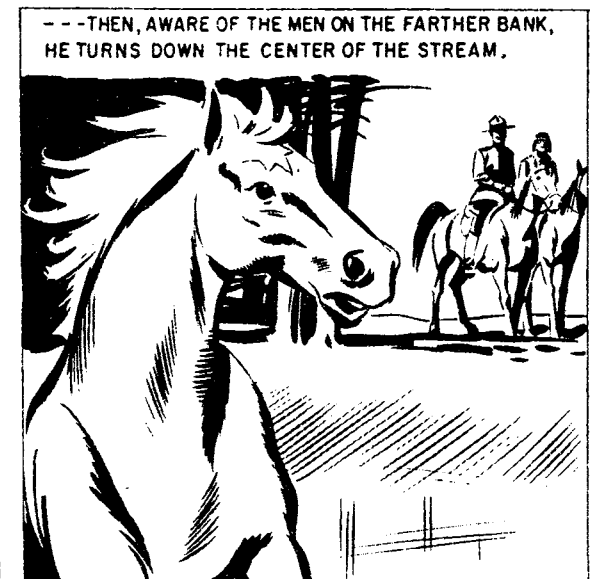


LONG MINUTES PASS --- THEN *STARFIRE* CATCHES THE SCENT OF RIDERS, AND TRUMPETS A WARNING!



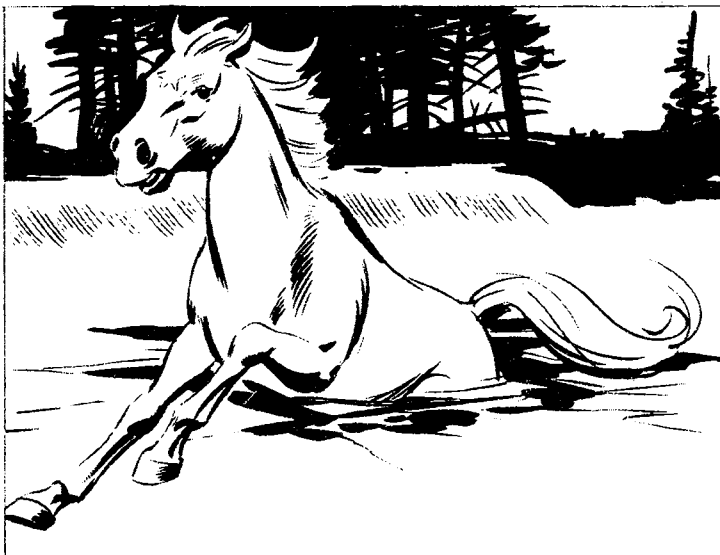
THE WILD BUNCH SCATTERS IN EVERY DIRECTION INTO THE "BUSH" ONLY THE SADDLED HORSES ACT CONFUSED.







KING'S PREDICTION IS RIGHT, WHERE THE CURRENT BENEATH THE ICE FLOWS FAST-ER, A THIN SPOT HAS BEEN LEFT.



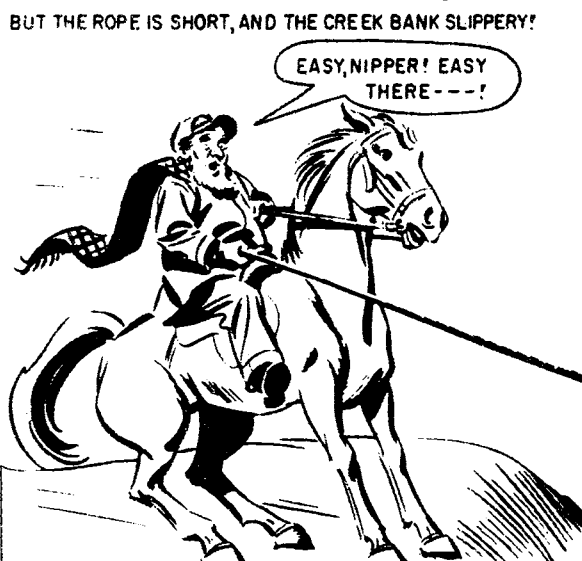
MOOS-TOOS! JOIN YOUR TWO SADDLE ROPES TOGETHER! I'LL DO THE SAME...

UGH! RED HORSE TRAPPED! MEBBE DROWN OR FREEZE IF WE DON'T HELP-UM!



AT THAT MOMENT, A WIRY OLDSTER WITH A WILD GRAY BEARD BURSTS THROUGH THE WILLOWS ON THE OTHER BANK.



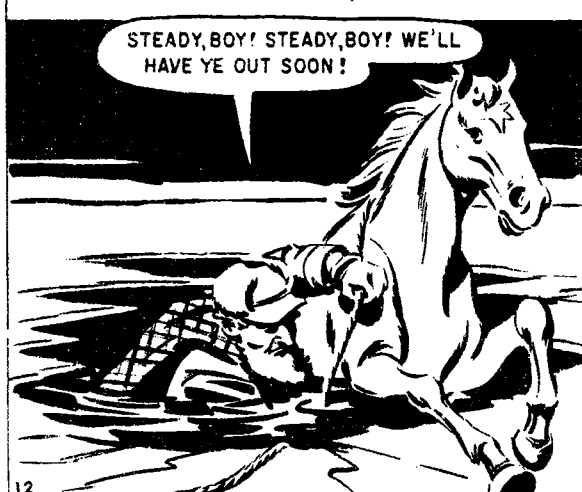


TEARS OF DESPAIR ARE FREEZING ON OLD ROBBIE'S BEARD, AS KING'S ROPE REACHES HIM.



(SOB!) THANK YE, MOUNTIE! I'D FORGOT YE MIGHT HAVE A HEART!

THE STALLION'S HIND HOOF, WHICH COULD SMASH THE OLD MAN'S BONES, ARE SUDDENLY STILL, AS ROBBIE GOES DEEP INTO THE ICY STREAM, TO SET THE ROPE.



SHIVERING AND ENCASED ALREADY IN A SHEATH OF ICE, OLD ROBBIE THINKS ONLY OF HIS PET.



WHILE THE TRAINED COW HORSES HOLD THE ROPES TAUT, KING DISMOUNTS TO HELP ROBBIE.



WITH HIS ONLY DRY GARMENT, THE OLD MAN SOOTHES THE STALLION'S WILD IMPULSE TO FIGHT, OR TO RUN.



EASY, NOW! THIS WILL ONLY KEEP YE FROM RUNNING AWAY, LADDIE! SO-O-O-O!



I'M SORRY, MUIR --- BUT I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU UNDER ARREST, ON SAM KEELER'S COMPLAINT! WE'LL START BACK WHEN YOU ARE DRY!



BUT WHO WILL PROTECT STARFIRE --- WITH EVERY TRIGGER-HAPPY COWBOY GUNNING FOR HIM --- AND ME IN JAIL? THAT'S WHAT TROUBLES ME, MOUNTIE!



IT TROUBLES ME, TOO, MUIR! I'D BE GLAD TO BUY HIM FROM YOU FOR MY PERSONAL MOUNT --- IF YOU WOULD TRUST ME! I KNOW HOW MUCH HE MEANS TO YOU...



I'LL TRUST YE WITH HIM, MOUNTIE! HANDCUFF ME, NOW --- BUT DON'T TAKE ME TO JAIL UNTIL I'VE HELPED YE TRAIN STARFIRE! HE'S WILD AS A HAWK!

NO HAND-CUFFS ARE NEEDED, MUIR! AND THANKS FOR YOUR OFFER!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THEY REACH SAM KEELER'S PLACE --- OLD ROBBIE LEADING STARFIRE ---



--- WHO STILL WANTS TO FIGHT EVERYONE ELSE ?



SO-O-OH! QUIET, LAD! YE MUST GET OVER THAT!

KEELER, I'VE BOUGHT STARFIRE --- FOR ONE POUND TO MAKE THE SALE LEGAL. ROBBIE WOULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE! BUT IF WE COULD STAY WITH YOU, TO TRAIN THE HORSE ---

AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, SERGEANT!



--- AND, ROBBIE! SEEING THAT STARFIRE WON'T BE TROUBLING US NOW, I'LL WITHDRAW ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU --- FOR THIS ARM! WILL YOU SHAKE HANDS ON IT?

AYE, GLADLY, SAM KEELER!



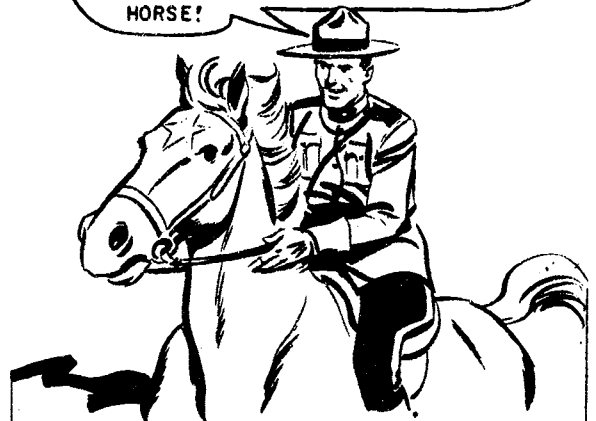
FOUR DAYS LATER ---

YE CAN FINISH STARFIRE'S TRAINING YOURSELF, NOW, SERGEANT KING! HE TRUSTS YE!

I HOPE SO, ROBBIE! GOOD-BYE!



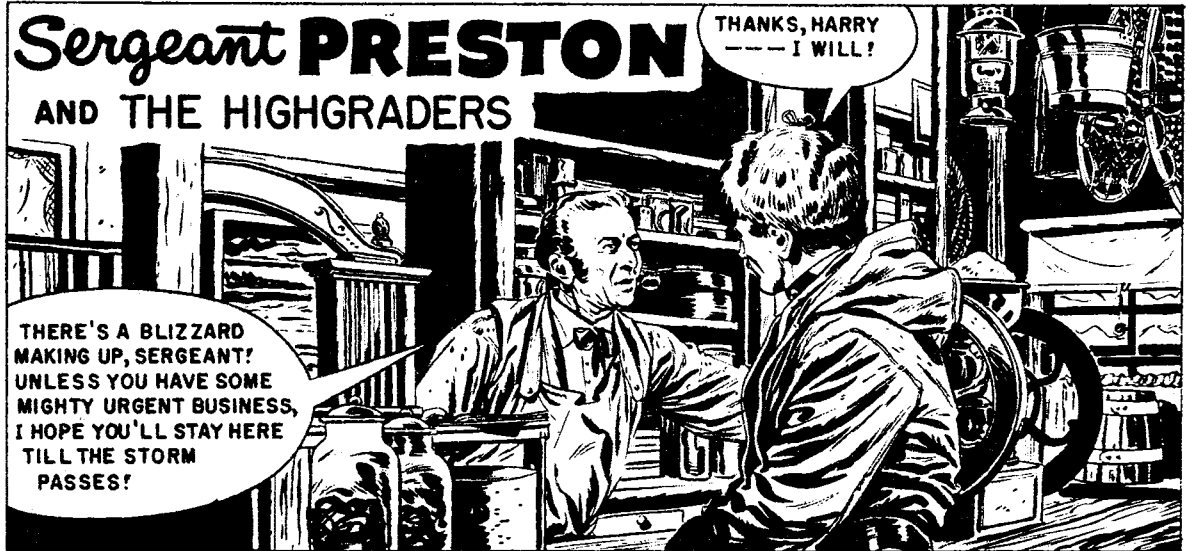
STARFIRE, FROM THIS DAY ON, WE ARE GOING TO BE PARTNERS --- NOT JUST MAN AND HORSE!

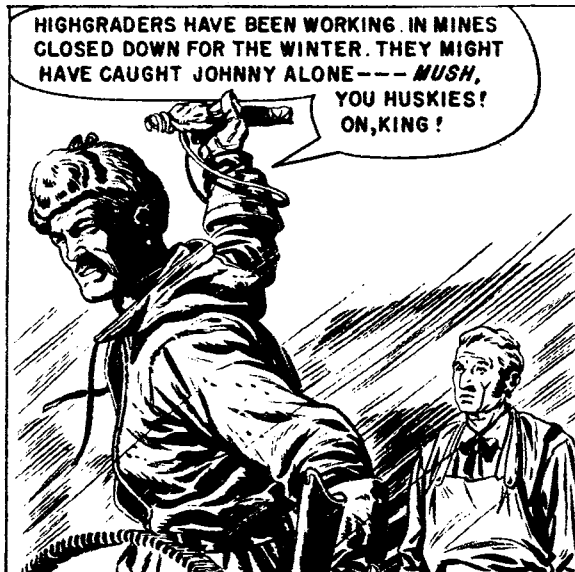


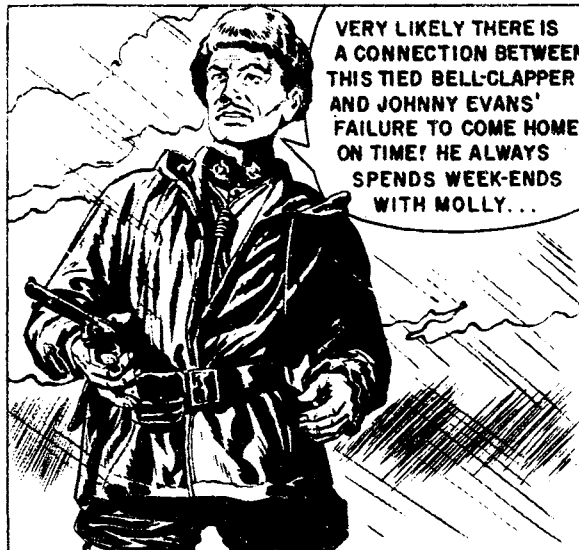
--- AND FROM STARFIRE'S QUICKENED PACE, KING KNOWS THE GREAT STALLION UNDERSTANDS! THE END

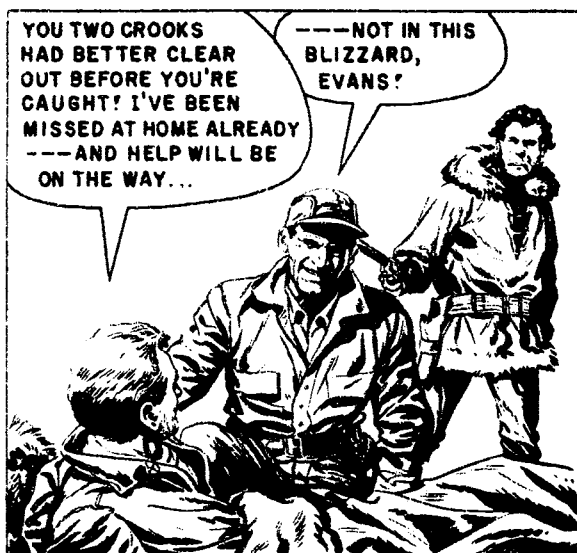
Sergeant PRESTON

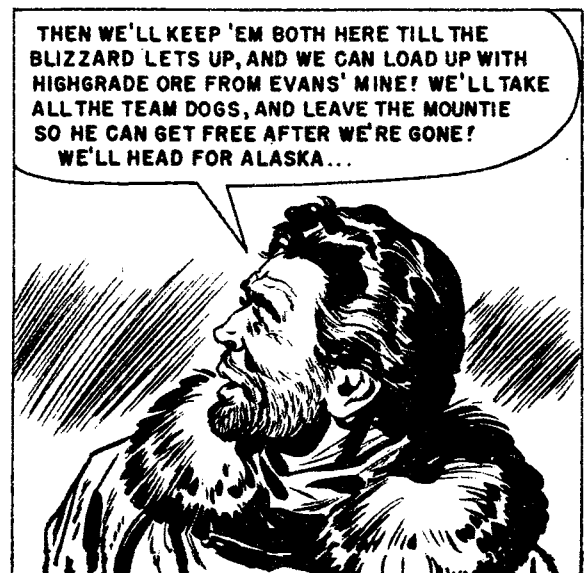
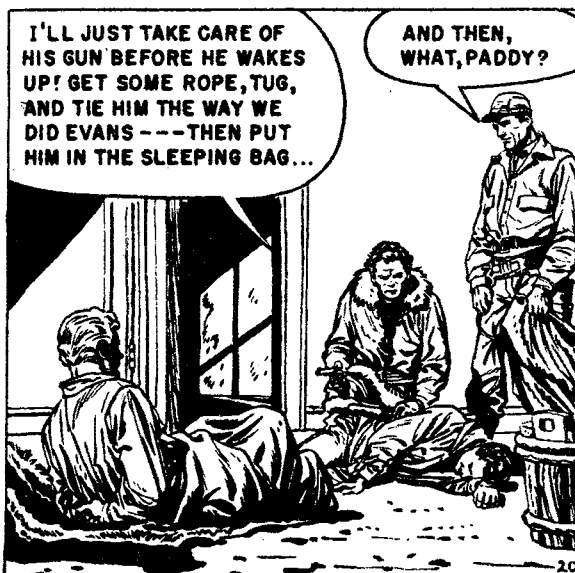
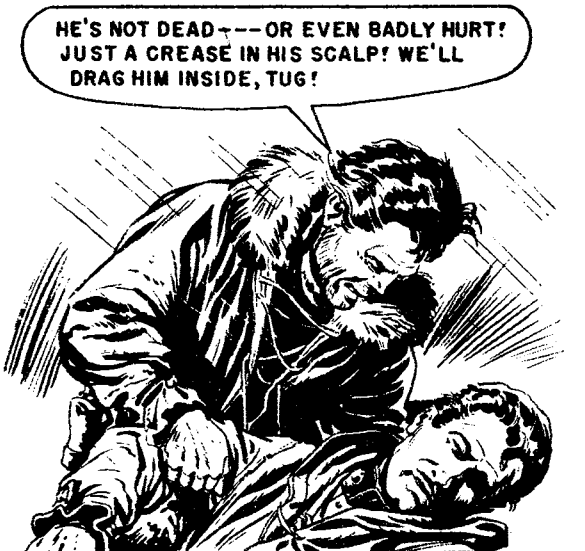
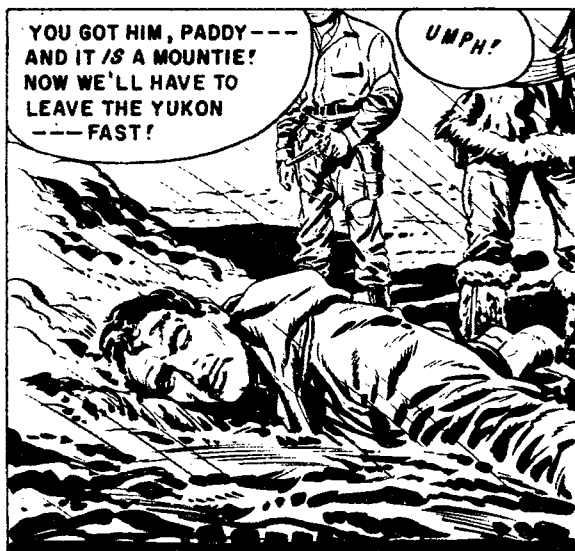
AND THE HIGHGRADERS















THE BULLETS, ENTERING THROUGH THE DOORWAY, FIND AN UNEXPECTED TARGET IN THE HIDE OF A SNOW-GRIZZLY, WHO HAS BEEN SLEEPING THROUGH THE STORM...



STRAIGHT PAST THE CROUCHED FIGURES OF PRESTON AND HIS COMPANIONS, THE MADDENED BRUTE LUNGES, HEADING FOR THE ENEMY WHO HURT HIM...



EMPTY-HANDED, PRESTON FOLLOWS HIS GALLANT DOG --- TOWARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE



A BLOW FROM THE BEAR'S MIGHTY PAW HURLS TUG DOWN ONTO PADDY'S STILL FORM... BUT KING KEEPS HIS GRIP ON A HAIRY HAUNCH...

